
NOW IS THE CHERRY IN BLOSSOM.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

NOW is the cherry in blossom, Love,
 Love of my heart, with the apple to follow;
 Over the village at nightfall now
 Merrily veers and darts the swallow.
 At nightfall now in the dark marsh grass
 Awakes the chorus that sings old sorrow;

The evening star is dim for the dew,
 And the apple and lilac will bloom to-morrow.
 The honeysuckle is red on the rock;
 The willow floats over the brook like a feather;
 In every shadow some love lies hid—
 And you and I in the world together.